

The Quantum Zone It's a Gift

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Summary: Before an operation, Dot sends a message to Bob, with something very important to tell... (Completed)

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The Quantum Zone - It's a Gift

> by Joshua Falken<p>

Revised by Julia_Cat and BenRG

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> <p>To: Guardian 452 (grd452@MainframeA.kits.com)

> From: Command.Com

(Command_Com@Mainframe.Principaloffice.org)

> Subject: Personal
 Security Level: Confidential

Hi, Bob.

I have something to tell you.. and I know what you will say. That this is a blessing... a gift....

Have you ever heard "not every gift is a blessing?"

Such is my case... Or perhaps not... Well, let me tell the story from the beginning....

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We were in the System NCSA, the nearly-mythical CM-10, the machine that made the Supercomputer appear prehistoric as the mythological ENIAC. And, at that moment, the headquarters of Daemon...

I know that you already know this, Bob. After all, you were there too. I only ask that you have patience, because it helps me tell you what I have to say.

Well, she had almost infected all the sprites and binomes of the system, but there was something that she could not control: simulations. The simulation cubes, that make the game cubes seem like a joke, were the only thing that Daemon feared. She could control where a game would land, she could even to begin a game and to alter its running process, but only Users could alter the configurations of the simulations. Users and System NCSA's Command.Com, Altavista.

She needed the Alpha code, that would transform her into Command.com for the simulations, and she would have total control of the Net in this way. But for that she would have to take the code from him...

Well that was the situation, as you know, when we arrived at the system NCSA...

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To make a long story short, she erased Altavista, and took his code, but when she transferred it to her icon ... nothing happened. The system didn't crash, because it was recognising another sprite as the Command.Com. And in this case it was me, Dot Matrix.

Don't ask me how that happened. He should have transferred the code to my PID while I was unconscious after one of the attacks of the infected guardians... and when he was infected, I automatically assumed the functions of Simulation Controller and Command.Com. And I don't see reason for not admitting, I never felt so much power in my hands and the thought caused me a mixture of excitement and fear... I felt that I could make any thing that I wanted... and it terrified me. "Absolute power corrupts", you know... I was afraid that the power would blind me...

Well, the fact is that I didn't need to be in that position for a long time, courtesy of Daemon. Enzo excuse me, Matrix and you were inside of a simulation of some kind of User aeronautical technology, when Daemon entered in the Core Control Room.

A glance was enough to understand that she was Daemon. A tall virus, somewhat resembling a sprite, white skin with green veins on the skin, short dark hair like mine, and eyes with a mixture of green and red that shone of pure rage and hate. She wore a Guardian uniform, but completely black, covered with the infection veins, besides a cloak that black as well.

There wasn't anyone else in the room.

Only her and I.

We looked each other for a moment, while a message was being broadcast by the system: "Simulation Over! Simulation Over!"

Before I could reach my weapon on my leg, Daemon grabbed me by the neck with her left hand and slammed me into the wall.

"Then, you must be Commander Matrix, right?" The virus said with a surprisingly musical voice. "I must admit that you are a good strategist, but a very arrogant one..." Daemon shook her head.

I remember staring at her eyes. Was she trying to control the entire defragged Net, and was I the arrogant one?!?!

"This is for thinking that you could stop me," she completed.

Crushing my throat to the point that I couldn't breathe, she slowly placed her hand on my forehead. In that moment, I felt the deepest headache that I had ever felt in my life. She tried erase the Alpha code from my neural interface, without success because of my copyright protection. Hearing her frustrated scream, I felt that something stabbed into my head, like a lance. I tried scream of pain, but I couldn't get it out. I looked around at that moment and noticed vaguely that you and my brother entered in the room...

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When I woke up, I was at in hospital room, with my head bound.

"Dot, are you OK?!?" you and the younger Enzo asked in unison.

After some microseconds of explanations (or better, some milliseconds, because that was what was necessary to convince you that was I well, wasn't it? *Tired smile*), it became clear what had happened. Daemon had inserted into my neural interface a code-cracking probe to erase the code of my mind when you and Matrix entered the control room with AndrAIa and Mouse. While you were deleting her, AndrAIa prevented me from going into incompatibility shock... After the deletion, you used your powers to treat me temporarily (and I already knew that you were so weak! You almost erased yourself in the process!). The NCSA system's doctors fixed my neural interface completely... they said that I could be unable to speak due the lesions, but you quick actions guaranteed that I would live and be able to talk. Thank you, Bob. :-)

Well, you waited for me to recover from the operation. I must have been taking a long time to recover from the recompilation, from the anxious expressions on your faces. The doctor guaranteed that I would not suffer any long-term side-effects.

He was wrong.

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Here's the part you will not believe... well, here it is.

Everything began six minutes later.

I was in my office in the Principal Office, reading some reports of problems of organisation of sections in the recently-installed drive, when it happened.

I felt a kind of flow of high-frequency energy in my arms and legs and a gigantic headache. I never had felt anything like that. I closed my eyes and massaged my temples, trying to control the pain. When I opened my eyes, I wasn't in my office anymore. I was in the middle of Motorola Track, but at the same time, I felt that I wasn't there. I don't know how describe the sensation.

"Hey Dot!"

I turned around and saw Enzo running in my direction. I want to say the youngest Enzo. He carried something in his hand, it seemed a note. I noticed people at my side, but I didn't notice who they were.

At that moment, a truck lost went out of control, and drove onto the sidewalk.

I tried to scream for Enzo, but I didn't get... Enzo didn't have chance to escape the vehicle... he ...his... his body was thrown by the impact through the shop window of a store...

I ran and I saw his lifeless body de-res into flashes of light and then was gone....

"NOOOOO!" Now I got to scream.

"Young Dot, are you well?!?" Phong appeared in the door of my office. I had returned... spam... I wasn't sure if I had left my office in first place!

"Y-Y-yes., Phong.. It was just an nightmare, just that..." I tried calming him.

He looked me in the eyes for a few nanoseconds. Not convinced, he said: "It is all right, young Dot. But remember, I am here to help you."

And he left.

I only could put my face in my hands...

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I didn't tell to anyone about that vision, or the other that I had later... yes, I had another vision, some cycles later. You should be wondering because I didn't tell to you about that. I don't have any explanation. I didn't know if I believed in what I saw. Defrag, would you believe if I said that I had a premonition?!

The time passed, and my initialization-cycle arrived. 35-hours-old. You really surprised me with the surprise party, and Mouse took advantage of it to make jokes about my age, as if she was younger than me... I took them easily, you know about that.

You had got tickets for the premiere of "Uncrashable", knowing that I love suspense films and you would be capable to carry me up to that theatre if I didn't agree. You do any thing for me to take a rest. :-)

Well, we walked until the theatre, when I noticed the name of the street... Motorola Track.

It gave me a great shock, but I got to hide that. I think Mouse noticed, but I am not sure. And I am sure that you also noticed, but I guess that you decided to stay quiet... maybe you just didn't want spoil the cheerful atmosphere, am I right?

Well, it lacked just some blocks for the movie theatre, when we heard Enzo's voice.

"Hey Dot!"

I turned around, and I saw him running in our direction. Exactly as in the vision!

The truck began to zigzag. You didn't notice, but you had not had that premonition.

"ENZO, STOP!" I vaguely remember screaming, when I ran toward Enzo. The truck now was going in direction of the roadway. I jumped forwards.

I still had time to see Enzo's eyes filled with fear, before I got him out of the way of the truck. I only remember hugging him very tightly, and he also hugged me, of pure fear.

Bob, I could not live with myself if something happened to any of my brothers...

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In that moment, I thought that the vision had been a good thing. It had helped to save Enzo's life... But I also thought that it would never happen again.

But it did.

I had other visions, always accompanied by that strong and peculiar headache. It was the way that I prevented AndrAIa from being run over in Pentium Drive, or knowing that the User used a cheat code in that war game and how to counter it... now you know the reason I always be in the right place and at the right nanosecond...

But why am I sending this message and telling you this?

Good question.

Do you remember when we were in the Core Control Room, reconfiguring the system, when I suddenly became very ill? You cared for me until the Principal Office infirmary and Phong examined me.

He gave me the results of the tests a millisecond ago: my fainting and my headaches are caused by a bug in the center of my neural interface. It is a malign bug and needs to be removed or... I will eventually de-res.

And I am sure that the bug is the cause of my visions.

Probably, by the time you read this, I will already be in the operation room. The doctors say that the chances of removing it successfully are very high. My fear has not been that something might go wrong in the operation, I know that everything will run well. With my diagnosis I had an idea for the cause of that power, but if after the operation I still have it... I don't know, Bob. I mean, then the origin of this ability will be unknown... and the thought that there was something working through me... working in me... that I can't control or stop... I don't know what I will do Bob... I sincerely

don't know...

I love you,

Dot

end of the message

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Author's note: This fic was originally wrote for Al's Waiter ReBoot Shorts Contest.

So, what do you think?

Read and Review! :-)

End
file.